

WHO'S GUILTY?

By arrangement with the Pathe Exchange The West Virginian each Saturday for a number of weeks will present a novelized version of a photoplay, the scenario of which was written by Mrs. Wilson Woodrow. These stories will each be complete in themselves, but the whole will consist of a powerful expose of existing social and economic ills. The pictures will be shown at the Ideal Theatre on the Thursday following the day of publication.

WHO'S GUILTY?

MRS. WILSON WOODROW

AUTHOR OF "THE SILVER BUTTERFLY," "SALLY SALT," "THE BLACK PEARL," ETC.
NOVELIZED FROM THE SERIES OF PHOTOPLAYS OF THE SAME NAME RELEASED BY PATHE EXCHANGE.

EIGHTH STORY

Beyond Recall

Margaret Graeme had amazed her friends by dropping out of the social world for a time, and returning to it with the queer statement that she had been taking a course in law.

People wondered what John Leonard would think of this freak on the part of the pretty but strong-willed girl to whom he had so long been engaged.

But Leonard was not given to airing his opinions for the benefit of the public.

Then, too, he had new interests of his own, just then, that so absorbed him as to leave little time or thought for lesser matters.

The Explorers club, of which he was a member, was organizing an expedition into the unpopulated hinterlands of Brazil—an expedition which Leonard had largely financed and which he was to lead.

Preparations for this six-months absence from New York engrossed his whole attention for weeks. At length all was ready, and his passage was booked on a Brazil-bound steamer which was to sail at 2 a. m. on New Year's day.

In the early afternoon of New Year's Eve, Leonard called at the Graeme house to say good-bye to Margaret. He found Margaret in the living room of her father's home, waiting for him with an eagerness she had not shown toward his visits for many a long day.

"Congratulations!" she exclaimed. "I've just had the most wonderful bit of luck. I was afraid you wouldn't call before I had to go out. And I wanted so to tell you!"

"What is the wonderful news?" he asked gaily.

"Mr. Halloran has promised to make me his secretary! Think of that!"

"I'm trying to think of it," said Leonard, perplexity. "But it doesn't make sense to me. Why should a well-to-do girl want to be any man's secretary—and deprive some needy girl of a good job? And, who is 'Mr. Halloran'?"

"Who is Mr. Halloran?" she echoed, ignoring his first question. Mr. Charles Morehouse Halloran, my ignorant friend, is the new district attorney who takes office tomorrow morning. And—"

"Oh!" grunted Leonard in disgust. "That Halloran?"

"Well," she snapped. "You needn't speak of him as if he were an ascarid driver. He is one of the most brilliant criminal lawyers in America and everybody says he will be governor or United States senator some day."

"He is one of the most unscrupulous and corrupt machine politicians in the city," contradicted Leonard.

"You shan't speak so of him!" said the girl, sharply. "Mr. Halloran is a friend of mine, and of father's too. And I won't hear him vilified, even by you."

"But he—"

"He appreciates my ability and my ambitions for a career!" she hurried on, enthusiastically. "He is going to make me his secretary, and to help me show what a woman can do when for once she is given a fair chance."

"You have no right to—"

"I have a right to do as I please."

"You have not," he denied. "No one has. Edwin Martel's father thought he had a right to do as he pleased. So he left his money to charity instead of leaving it to the son he had never trained to earn a living. And, as a result of his father's injustice, Martel is dead broke."

"I'm not interested in your friend Edwin Martel, I—"

"But I am," interposed Leonard. "I'm so much interested in him that I'm going to take him on my Brazil trip as one of my assistants. It will give him work and a livelihood and teach him to rough it, while he is shaping his plans for the future. I made him the offer today and he's accepted it. Margaret, I've seldom asked a favor of you. But—dear, give up this silly ambition. Don't accept Halloran's offer. You can't realize what it—"

"I still seldom ask a favor of you," she broke in ironically. "Give up this silly expedition to Brazil. Don't accept the Explorers' club offer."

"What?" he demanded, taken aback. "You'd have me give up my Brazil trip? Surely, you're not in earnest? Why, it means my whole career."

"Margaret!" he begged, "be sensible. I ask only—"

"You have no right to ask anything. You are not my master."

"I am the man you have promised to marry."

She stripped the engagement ring from her left hand and held it out to him.

"What do you mean?" he asked, bewildered.

"I mean that you seem to regard

an engagement ring as a fetter, to make me your slave. I refuse to wear fetters. Take it!"

Long and earnestly he gazed at the willful girl, who returned his glance so fiercely. Then he said, very slowly:

"I am going now. You will not hear from me in any way for more than six months. But some day I shall come back to you. And by that time sharp experience will have brought you to your senses. I would have saved you from that experience if I could. I love you."

He left the room and the house without so much as a backward glance.

By sheer will-power, she thrust Leonard himself from her memory. The district attorney-elect was to dine with her father and herself. Later Halloran and she were planning to look on at the New Year's Eve revels in one of the big restaurants.

"Edwin Martel," Leonard had once said, "is a living proof that luck is the very worst thing in the world—for the fellow who hasn't got it."

And he was right. Born and brought up to the idea that he was to inherit a goodly fortune, Martel found himself cast on the world at twenty-five, without a dollar.

The man was strong, willing, eager to learn. But, for lack of the right equipment, he was barely able to pick up the most precarious sort of a living.

The chance to go with Leonard to Brazil came to him as a godsend. He was not only out of work and at the very end of his resources, but he was also engaged to be married.

Elsie Drayton, whom he had met at a dance, was probably the worst bit of ill-luck of all that had befallen Martel. She was a high-strung, ill-disciplined girl who had come to New York to study art, and in whom the artistic temperament crowded out any natural common sense she may have had.

She had fallen in love with the good-looking Martel at sight, and had deliberately set out to make him propose to her. Knowing Elsie's hysterical devotion for him, Martel dreaded to tell her of the job that would entail a half-year's absence from her; even though it might lead to an earlier marriage than his former prospects had warranted.

But the news must be broken to her soon or late. So, finishing his rather meager packing, and having an hour or so to spare before meeting Leonard at Dorley's restaurant, he made up his mind to have the ordeal over with, and to tell his tidings and say good-bye at the same time.

Accordingly, somewhat late in the evening, he left his own lodgings and, suitcase in hand, set forth for the studio street in which Elsie Drayton

lived. Elsie's tiny apartment was in a ramshackle building devoted to cheap attelers and presided over by an ugly and elderly landlady, Mrs. Wiggs by name.

Mrs. Wiggs, from her own quarters at the end of the hall, heard Martel's footsteps on the stairs and peered out. Seeing Edwin halt at Elsie's door, she nodded and returned to her room.

Elsie, recognizing the knock, came running to the door to admit her lover.

"Oh, I'm so glad—so glad to see you!" she greeted him. "I've been crying my eyes out because I was afraid you were going to let New Year's Eve go by without coming to see me. Why, Ed, you look as if you'd lost your best friend. What's the matter, dear?"

"I'm at the end of my resources," he began. "You know that. I'm out of work and with no chance to get a job that will pay me a marrying salary."

"But I have an offer," he hurried on. "An offer that will mean everything to me—to both of us."

"An offer? You mean an offer of a

job? Isn't that splendid? Tell me about it."

"John Leonard has offered me a splendid salary and a chance for big advance—if I'll join his expedition to Brazil."

"To Brazil?" she gasped.

"Yes. We sail at 2 o'clock tomorrow morning. With luck we ought to be back here in six months or so. And—"

"You shan't go!" she sobbed hysterically. "You shan't do it! You asked me to marry you. You made me love. And now you want to desert me!"

"Don't be so absurd!" he commanded, his nerves raw. "You talk as if I were trying to get rid of you instead of—"

"And so you are! You are—"

"Instead of going into exile and peril and hardship for your sake! I came here to be strengthened and cheered for my journey. And instead you are taking the heart all out of me. Don't send me away with the memory of a face all blotched with tears!"

"I'm not going to send you away at all!" shrieked Elsie, her high voice pitched almost in a scream. "I'm not going to let you leave me. You promised to marry me. And now you want to desert me. I'm going to hold you to your solemn promise, Ed Martel!"

Mrs. Wiggs, in her cubbyhole room at the far end of the hall, paused in her preparations for bed as the sound of the fearful, angry voice reached her.

Mrs. Wiggs kicked off her flapping slippers, opened her door softly, and patted, pussy-footed, down the hall toward Elsie's apartment. Mrs. Wiggs could hear the voices of the two lovers in angry dispute; but she could catch none of Martel's words and aggravatingly few of Elsie's.

Mrs. Wiggs could hear the voices of the two lovers in angry dispute; but she could catch none of Martel's words and aggravatingly few of Elsie's.

"There is no use in keeping this up any longer," said Martel. "We'll both say what we'll be sorry for. And I don't want my absence to be marred by ugly memories like that."

He picked up the suitcase. The frantic girl suddenly lost the last atom of her shakily self-control. Flying at him, she seized the suitcase and tried to tear it away from him.

None too gently he pulled the suitcase away from her.

"Don't! Don't! You're killing me!" Mrs. Wiggs, hovering near the key hole, caught the words, and she thrilled with excitement. Apparently this was no mere quarrel, but a battle.

"Don't be foolish, dear," pleaded Martel in a voice too low to reach beyond the door. "You are behaving like a cranky baby. It isn't worthy a grown woman. Get up and stop acting so."

Somewhat roughly he drew her to her feet; then turned to go. With a cry she flung herself upon the suitcase. As he tugged to get it away from her the catch slipped.

The bag flew open and its contents were scattered broadcast. Collars, shirts, underclothes, brushes, neckties and coats strewn the floor. At Martel's feet tumbled a revolver that had been rolled up in his sweater at the bottom of the case.

Elsie caught sight of the fallen weapon. Before Martel could stoop she had seized it and was brandishing it above her head.

"If you don't promise not to desert me," she began.

"Drop that thing, you little idiot!" he growled, catching her wrist in both hands and, by a quick wrench, disarming her.

"Shoot me, then! Go ahead and shoot me. I've nothing to live for now."

"This ain't just a scrap," mused Mrs. Wiggs, catching the shrill words. "It's beginning to look like murder. The landlord will give me blazes if I let folks kill each other here."

Martel dropped the pistol into the side pocket of his coat. It was an old coat—one he had donned for shipboard wear. And the pocket into which he thrust the revolver was a pocket into which he had once inadvertently dropped a lighted cigarette. Almost the entire bottom of it was burned out.

The pistol therefore slipped through and fell again to the floor.

"Shoot me!" Elsie was sobbing. "I'd rather die than live. I swear I won't live if you leave me! I swear it!"

The man looked hopelessly at the quivering girl. Then his roving glance fell upon a table clock. The hands pointed to 11:30—the very hour and minute he was due to meet Leonard at Dorley's restaurant, a full ten minutes' walk distant.

He caught up the suitcase and started hastily to repack it. But Elsie sprang at him again and twined her fingers in the case's handle; so that nothing short of painful force could loosen her grasp.

Martel gave another despairing look at the clock. Then releasing his hold on the suitcase he bolted from the apartment before Elsie could stop him or so much as guess his intent.

Mrs. Wiggs, in dread lest the entertaining quarrel should degenerate into a killing, had started toward her own room to put on her slippers and go forth thence to summon aid. Thus she wholly missed Martel's departure.

John Leonard, at a corner table in Dorley's, looked at his watch for the tenth time. Martel was already 11 minutes late for the appointment.

"Eleven forty-one!" he murmured. "If this is a sample of Martel's efficiency I might better have picked out another assistant. He—"

Through the crowd of guests Edwin Martel thrust his way to Leonard's table.

"I'm sorry to be so late," he apologized, breathing heavily as if from a hard run. "I was detained. I went to say good-bye to the girl I'm engaged to. She didn't want me to go. And—"

"You're a lucky man!" commented Leonard bitterly. "The girl I'm engaged to was perfectly willing to have me go. Indeed, she hinted that she doesn't care if she never sees me again."

"Hard luck!" sympathized Martel. "But, at that, it's better than having one's sweetheart threaten to kill herself because one is going away."

"Did your sweetheart do that?" asked Leonard in wonder. "Lord, but I envy you! Mine practically turned me out of her house and threw my ring at me. You don't know what a treasure you have. Go back to her. Try to reconcile her to your going. If you can't, then wait and join

me by a later boat. A few days' delay won't do any harm. And it may serve to make her see things differently."

Ten minutes later Martel was climbing the stairs he had descended a half an hour earlier—the stairs leading to Elsie's apartment.

Meantime the girl had gradually recovered from her swoon. Sitting up, dazedly, she looked about her in vacant-eyed amazement. Then she saw the suitcase and the scattered clothes on the floor. And, all at once she remembered.

Elsie's dilated eyes strayed from the suitcase to something lying on a rug beside it. "Something that glinted queerly in the lamplight. It was Edwin Martel's revolver."

As though hypnotized by its glitter, she continued to stare at it. Presently her hand went forward, almost stealthily; and her fingers closed around the pistol butt. Here, to her disordered mind, was the full and final solution of her problem.

Martel had left her. And, in leaving, he had taken away all that made her life worth living. Perhaps when he should hear she was dead, he might be sorry. From the grave she could sting him with a barb of remorse.

This was his own pistol, too—this pistol whose muzzle felt so gratefully cool against her fever-hot flesh.

Elsie let herself slip morbidly with the idea, as a child morbidly bites on a sore tooth. She knew little of firearms. But she had heard that if a trigger were pressed hard enough—

She did not know just how hard one needed to tug, before the pistol would go off. And, experimentally, she lightened her forefinger around the trigger.

There was a flash—a roar that reverberated through the whole loose-doored apartment—a pungent smoke cloud filled the little room.

Mrs. Wiggs, half dressed, heard the report. Flinging a long cloak around her, she dashed down the hall. Outside Elsie's door she paused. No sound came from inside. She was about to turn the knob, when it occurred to her that Martel, who had doubtless fired the shot, might very possibly put a second bullet into her own head should she break in upon the scene of carnage.

So she fled down the passageway and down the stairs and out into the midnight city.

In the studio street, a throng of revelers were making night bideous with their racket. Horns, rattles, confetti, "ticklers," cowbells, tickertape, and a dozen other temper-wrecking devices were in evidence. A mimic battle had sprung up in the middle of the walk. Groups of bystanders, on their way to restaurants, had halted to laugh at the spectacle. A post-post policeman looked on with a tolerant grin.

Suddenly, the policeman drew himself up and saluted, as a man and a woman in evening dress passed near him to watch the fun. Patrolman O'Brien had a good memory for faces. And this man with the slender, fair-haired girl on his arm, was Charles Morehouse Halloran, the new district attorney who was to take office tomorrow.

Halloran, still new enough to police deference to be gratified by it, returned the salute.

"You see," whispered Margaret, "Al-ready you're famous. A year ago, that bluecoat would have ordered you to move on. Now, he salutes you as if you were the president."

"Perhaps," gallantly suggested Halloran, "he is saluting the beauty of my new secretary. He—"

Mrs. Wiggs, plowing her way, in flustered manner, through the crowd, flung herself on Patrolman O'Brien.

"Officer!" she squealed. "There's been murder done, back here, not two minutes since! Come quick!"

"Murder!" repeated O'Brien. "Where? Who?"

"Back at the studio buildin'. You know the place. Miss Elsie Drayton, one of our tenants. She's just been shot by Mr. Martel. He's the man who's been keepin' company with her. They quarreled, something terrible, this evenin'. An' just now he shot her. Just as the clock was a-strikin' twelve. I—"

O'Brien waited for no more. He began to push a path through the jolly crowd that hemmed him in so tightly.

"Way, there!" he bellowed, trying to make himself heard above the din of cowbells, horns and rattle. "Let us through!"

"Officer!" spoke up Halloran, at his side, "take this young lady and myself with you. It is midnight; and my official duties can begin with the first murder of the new year."

"Certainly, sir," agreed O'Brien, conveying them slowly through the pack of people. "Come along if you like."

"Do you mind?" Halloran asked Margaret Graeme. "You know you must get used to such things, if you are to be my secretary."

"Of course, I don't mind," she assured him, excited at the prospect, "and I can be of help by taking notes for you. Oh, why can't we move faster? We're simply crawling."

"You're lucky we can move at all, miss," said the policeman, over his shoulder, "in a mob like this."

Five minutes later, Martel entered Elsie Drayton's studio. On the floor, under the dim-tinted light, lay the body of the girl from whom he had parted a bare half hour before. Near by gleamed the revolver.

With a cry, Martel flung himself on his knees beside the dead woman. Her body was still warm. He got to his feet and stared dumbly at her. Scarce knowing what he did, he picked up the revolver—and recognized it as his own.

Out into the hallway he reeled, with some vague idea of shouting for help. But horror had, for a moment, stricken him dumb. Scarcely had he started down the passage when he saw several people hurrying toward him from the head of the stairs. One of them was a policeman. Martel darted back into the room, to show them the way.

Turning, just inside the doorway, he faced the policeman who had entered at his heels. The overzealous officer, anxious to show off his prowess to the new district attorney, leaped at Martel and grappled with him.

Martel, utterly taken back, instinctively defended himself, but a blow from the policeman's nightstick knocked him senseless.

He came to himself in station house cell. Next morning he faced a charge of murder.

The public agreed that Halloran began his official duties as district attorney by extremely prompt and efficient work in the Martel case. Not only had he visited the scene of the murder within ten minutes after the commission of the crime, and had been present at the prisoner's arrest, but he had personally handled every detail of the prosecution.

Moreover, he was aided, most intelligently, by a young society woman, Miss Margaret Graeme, whom he had appointed as his personal secretary, and who, it was said, worked day and night in perfecting the case against Elsie Drayton's slayer.

The case itself seemed clear enough. A brief review of it, sent out by the press, was printed in a Florida newspaper which later was used as "stufing" for a box of supplies forwarded to an exploring expedition in the farther wilderness of Brazil.

John Leonard, chancing to pick up the wad of newspaper, which one of his assistants had just thrown out of the newly opened box, smoothed it out and glanced over the rumpled pages. News of the outer world—even very ancient news—its welcome to people far away from civilization.

And scanning the smudged inner sheets, Leonard came across a headline which caught and riveted his horrified attention. The headline was:

MARTEL CONDEMNED TO DIE.

Slayer of Elsie Drayton Sentenced to Electric Chair.

Followed a New York "date line" and the following abridged item:

"Edwin A. Martel was yesterday sentenced by Judge Hinkle to die in the electric chair during the week of March 30, for the murder of his sweetheart, Elsie Drayton, an artist."

"Martel was engaged to be married to Miss Drayton. On the evening of December 31, he called on her, allegedly to say good-bye before starting for Brazil on the Leonard expedition. Mrs. Wiggs, landlady of the studio building in which Miss Drayton lived, heard the sounds of violent quarrelling as she passed along the hall outside of the victim's apartment."

"She heard Miss Drayton call out in terror: 'Don't! You're killing me!' and, afterward heard her cry defiantly, 'Shoot me! Go ahead and shoot me!' Half an hour later, Mrs. Wiggs, in her own room, heard a piercing scream, followed almost at once by a pistol shot."

"Rushing out into the street to summon help, she returned presently with Patrolman O'Brien, just as Martel, pistol in hand, was making his escape. At sight of the policeman, Martel ran back into the room. O'Brien followed him and, after a fierce struggle, succeeded in overcoming the murderer."

"Martel's defense, oddly enough, was an alibi. It is established that the shooting occurred precisely on the stroke of midnight. Martel admitted visiting Miss Drayton on that evening, but declared he left her apartment at 11:40 and did not return to it until 12:10. He said he spent the intervening time at Dorley's restaurant with



"I Won't Let You Go!" She Panted.



"Forget That You Sent An Innocent Man to His Death?"



He Stared Dumbly at the Dead Woman.

have gotten a delay until I came home. As he didn't—the law took its course. The law that you gave me up for. The law whose study you preferred to the honored position of wife and mother."

"Oh, John!" she wept. "I have stoned! I have stoned horribly. But I've paid. I've paid in tears, in anguish, in heartbreak! Is there no forgiveness? Can you never take me back and give me another chance? I'll spend my whole life, trying to atone."

Like granite his face was set, as he gazed coldly down into her imploring eyes. Then—between him and the woman who so vainly entreated his forgiveness and love—a shadow seemed to flit. The shadow of Edwin Martel. And the shadowy lips seemed, to Leonard's excited fancy, to murmur:

"Forgive as you hope to be forgiven. If I can forgive her, cannot you?"

Involuntarily, Leonard's sternly folded arms opened. And the girl he loved crept weeping into their tender shelter.

(END OF EIGHTH STORY.)

INTERNATIONAL Sunday School Lesson

(By E. O. SELLERS, Acting Director of the Sunday School Course of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)
(Copyright, 1914, Western Newspaper Union.)

LESSON FOR AUGUST 20

RIOT AT EPHESUS

LESSON TEXT—Acts 19:23-41.
GOLDEN TEXT—The love of money is the root of all kinds of evil.—1 Tim. 6:10

Teachers ought to have good maps and keep before the minds of their classes both the ancient and modern names of the places Paul visited. Paul resided at Ephesus nearly three years, A. D. 53 to 56. The events of this lesson occurred about three years after our last lesson in Acts.

I. The Missionary Work of Paul (vv. 1-10). How long Paul remained at Antioch after his second journey we do not know, but having passed through the "upper coast" he came to this city of Ephesus, which was an important city and a great mission field. In Revelations 2 and 3 is a list of the churches which he evangelized from this center. It was a great and effectual door for him (1 Cor. 6:9; read also Acts 20:17; 2:35). In this city Paul found a religious guild of 12 members (see vv. 2-7), whose religious experience needed the enrichment of the Holy Spirit; a like need is ever before the Christian church.

II. The Miracles Wrought by Paul (vv. 11-20). Ephesus was a center of magic and witchcraft, and special power was given Paul to work miracles which confounded the magicians in this, their stronghold. The Gospel proves its power most and best by transforming the characters of men. Deeds of love and service are the best proofs of Christianity, and these are the things which awaken heathen nations to seek after the Christian religion. But such deeds are often imitated as in this case. (See vv. 13-15). However, only the real spirit of Christ can work the true workings of the Gospel, and thus the name of the Lord Jesus was magnified in Ephesus. Imitation is often the sincerest form of flattery.

III. The Mob's Attack Upon Paul's Work (vv. 21-41). The first result of Paul's work was the burning of the books of magic (vv. 19-20). Many who had been dupes of the magicians ceased their secret practices and declared their wrongdoings in this public manner. Literally, book after book was thrown into the fire, much the same as in Florence Savonarola had his "bonfire of vanities." Paul's wonderful success had to have its testing before he left. The Gospel "way," the way of salvation, of true living, is sure to create a stir sooner or later. Preach the Gospel faithfully and fully, and it will stir up any community. It is not necessarily a bad sign when things begin to be disturbed. It may simply indicate that the fire is getting hot. The good results of revivals do not hurt business, but they do hurt the devil. So that "big business" was intensely stirred up in the city of Ephesus. Demetrius, their leader, uttered a striking and truthful